

The Forest Republican

VOL. XVII. NO. 2.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one insertion, etc.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

THE WISE BELLS.

A sunny Sabbath morning, Forth two messengers were sped, That the bells be set a-ringing; One to say, in chime and singing, A fair maiden is to wed; One to say, with knell and moaning, A fair maiden lieth dead.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I'm locked in slumber," murmurs the prison bird in his sleep. The most appropriate pastry for a free lunch counter—Sponge cake. The grocer who sells twelve ounces for a pound depends on his winning weigh.

Iowa is said to be out of debt. She ought to change her name then.—Philadelphia Call.

If you want to put money in a sound investment buy telegraph stock.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

Artificial cork has been invented, and we shall soon hear of adulterated life-preservers.—Lowell Courier.

Batter is the name of a tenor singer in a New York church choir. He is occasionally put out by the first bass.—Statesman.

"Hello" is a mighty small word, but the patent on the machine through which it is said, is worth \$25,000,000.—Topeka Lance.

There are 16,823 Quakers in Indiana. So many broad-brimmed hats must be quite a protection to the soil in dry weather.—Burlington Free Press.

The greatest oleomargarine fraud yet perpetrated is the labeling the buckets with a ferocious billy goat to indicate genuine butter.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Are you trying to button your shoes?" asked the wife of a fat man who was grunting as he struggled to fasten the recumbent buttons. "No!" he sarcastically growled; "can't you see I'm combing my hair?"

When the judge says, "I sentence you for life," the grammarian and the prisoner look upon it quite differently. The one thinks it a very brief sentence, the other thinks it couldn't well be longer.—Boston Times.

The curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply.

When the farmer with a cry awoke At five in the morn, and heard the stroke Of the bell as it 'gan to ring, He jumped from bed with agility, And exclaimed with huge hilarity, "Oh, this is an early spring!" —New York Journal.

The critics are poking fun at a magazine article for saying, "man is our brother." Of course he is. You wouldn't call him your sister, would you? If the article said, "Man is our sister," the critics would have reason for kicking.—Peck's Sun.

A Detroit river fisherman says that the pike of the straits is a very destructive fish. One that was recently speared had swallowed another pike and that pike had swallowed a perch. The trouble with the whole business is about swallowing the story.—Piscayune.

A LEAP-YEAR VICTIM. "Now, Charley, my darling, I pray thee Just give me a moment of bliss; I'm going, look kindly upon me, And give me a dear, parting kiss."

"Don't do it, you'll rattle my collar, You'll muss up my hair and mustache—I'll tell my mamma—yes, I'll holler; You horrid girl, don't be so rash." —Old City Derrick.

A Queer Character. Mangin, the celebrated black-lead pencil maker of Paris, is dead. He drove every day in an open carriage, attended by a servant, to his stands either by the Place Vendome or on the Place de la Bourse.

His servant handed him a case, from which he took large portraits of himself and medals with descriptions of his pencils, which he hung on either side of him. He then replaced his round hat with a magnificent burnished helmet, mounted with brilliant plumes.

For his overcoat he donned a costly velvet tunic with gold fringes. He then drew up a pair of polished steel gauntlets upon his hands, covered his breast with a brilliant cuirass, and placed a richly-mounted sword at his side. His servant then put on a velvet robe and helmet, and struck up a tune on an organ mounted in gold.

To the crowds gathered around he then exclaimed: "I am Mangin, the great charlatan of France! Years ago I hired a modest shop in the Rue Rivoli, but could not sell pencils enough to pay my rent. Now, attracted by my sweeping crest, my waving plumes, my din and glitter, I sell millions of pencils." This was true. His pencils were the very best.

The Dutch papers mention the discovery of a "certain cure" for gout. A peasant who was confined to his bed by a sharp attack was stung by a bee, and almost immediately he felt better and next day he was well. A short time after another patient thought he would try the same remedy, and, having induced a bee to sting him on the part affected, he also was cured.

MULE LIFE IN THE MINES.

ANIMALS AS SAGACIOUS AND SENSITIVE AS THEY ARE USEFUL.

Their Usefulness as an Underground Motive Power—A High Tribute Paid to their General Intelligence.

A Pottsville (Penn.) letter to the Philadelphia Press says that the recent order of the Girard estate trustees prohibiting the use of locomotives in the mines on the immense coal tracts bought years ago by the sagacious and benevolent old French sailor's son restores the mine mule once more as an underground motive power, a position he formerly occupied with undisputed honor.

It is probable that in Schuylkill county three thousand mules are used at the mines, and as a coal operator paid over \$1,000 for five of these deep-voiced Kentuckians a few days ago, an idea of the immense outlay in that direction in the anthracite coal regions may be formed.

A mine locomotive will do the work of ten mules, but it will throw off much noxious and asphyxiating gas. The miners, therefore, are reasonably opposed to it. They are sometimes, also, the cause of mine fires, but a majority of operators seem willing to assume that risk for the increased amount of work at the diminished expense.

Kentucky used to be, and still is, the principal breeding ground for mules, though of late years Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and other Western States have bred just as good stock. The earlier breeds were the offspring of Spanish jacks and thorough-bred mares.

The get was nimble-footed, strong, handy and willing, but light. The substitution of Norman mares for thorough-breds produced a grade of mules better adapted to heavy work and just as spry and spirited.

A mule is considered fit to enter the mine after he has reached three years of age. The latter is considered rather youthful, and preference is given to animals that, by reason of a larger experience with the world, are better qualified to contend with its trials and tribulations.

The length of his stay after he enters the mines it is impossible to forecast. He may be removed, but he seldom dies, and is not often, comparatively speaking, killed.

From the day he enters he is compelled to exercise every faculty of which he is possessed to prolong his career. He finds numerous natural enemies all working assiduously to shorten his days, but in spite of them all, he gets fat and round, his coat becomes sleek, glossy and mouse-colored, and twenty years of servitude may find him somewhat calmer and more inclined to meditation, but scarcely less keen, nimble or willing.

The nature of his employment inside is to draw cars in the gangways. It is a rare case when he requires more than a few days to thoroughly understand what is required of him, and thenceforth he performs his duties with unwavering, uncompromising zeal.

As soon as he has been harnessed he will take his place at the head of a "trip of cars." He will start at the right time and stop at the right place. If the driver be a new one, or by a mistake command him to stop short, it is probable he will be unheeded, or that the mule, having stopped, will go to the rear and with his shoulder push the cars to their proper place.

He learns the ropes very readily, and no well-regulated horse would ever dream of attempting things a mule does without a thought of its impossibility. To a mine mule nothing is impossible. Experienced drivers say mules may be taught anything, and the incredulous would experience a shock on witnessing some of the feats they are compelled to perform in the mines.

At night the mules of a colliery are stabled in a cavern off the gangway. This is boarded up around to hang up the harness, and, probably, also to keep alive the memories of the stalls of youth and verdant pastures. They are liberally fed, and require and receive but little other care.

From year to year they live in darkness and gloom. Sunlight and fresh air are unnecessary to their thrift. Their vision is sharpened by the perpetual night, so that they acquire the gift of the owl to penetrate far into the inky blackness of the deep, damp pit. They may become color blind, but are always able to discern an object or find their way in the deepest shaft they have ever worked in.

And thus they live (barring accidents) ten, fifteen, twenty years—aye, one mule is known to have spent the greater part of thirty-five years underground.

The most frequent cause of mine mules' death is being jammed between cars. While standing on the gangway railroad at the head of one trip of cars another dashing suddenly round a curve may catch him and crush out the vital spark, but if there is a means of escape he will take it. It is only when there is not room enough by the side of the track for him to jump into that he loses his life in this way.

Twenty horses would be killed that way before one mule is. Really there is only one other way in which I remember to have ever heard of a mule meeting his death, and that is when the mine is suddenly drowned out.

This is not always sure either. Not long ago seven mules were unable to escape with the men, when the accumulated water in an old working broke through into the one in which they were. The water filled the gangway to within a few inches of the roof. Hours afterward, when the pumps had reduced it sufficiently, the stable-boss swam in to the mules and found them propped up on their hind legs with their heads up, and their noses elevated above the flood.

Fastening the halter of one to the tail of another, and taking the lead mule by the head, he swam them to the foot of the slope, up which they walked with only a shake and a whinnying for feed.

A colliery employing 200 men will find use for thirty mules. They will average

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"But he say no, and he go off again.

So then he build more bigger house, and buy hens, and plow some more. And he come again.

"And this time he walk right up and stand close in front of me, and look at me so I want to run away. But I sits still.

"And he look down at me, and say, 'Who live on this land?'"

"And I can hardly speak, but I say, very low, 'I live on this land.'"

"Then he laugh and say, 'Who else?'"

"I laugh too and say, 'You too.'"

"Then he say, 'Yes, we all two live on this land, but who own this land?'"

"My father, he say, very loud, 'My daughter own it.'"

"But I know it be very hard to get to own it, because Pete really live on land before I really live on it. So I say,

"'P'raps you own this land, and p'raps I own this land.'"

"Then he laugh again, and take my hands and say, 'We all two live on land, but only one own land. But if you marry me then all two shall own land.'"

"I jumps up quick, and throw my apron over my head, and run away."

"I run clear to my mutter house, and I cry all the way, and laugh all the way. But then I say,

"'Maybe Pete think I don't like 'cause I run away. Maybe he never come some more. Maybe my farder drive him off. Why did I run away?'"

So then I cry some more, but then I laugh too, 'cause I feel sure he shall come again.

"And the next day he come. And he say to my farder to tell me to marry him. So that's all, she said, simply, in conclusion.

"Pete nodded and smiled. 'Yes,' he said, 'we all two own land now.'"

—Youth's Companion.

"Stonewall" Jackson's Climb After Persimmons.

A Pittsburg (Penn.) Chronicle writer says: While in Lexington, Va., last June, at the unveiling of Valentine's Recumbent statue of General R. E. Lee, material for sketches of the career of Stonewall Jackson was sought after among his co-laborers prior to and during the war.

An old associate professor of Jackson's, who served on his staff in the earlier part of the war, and whose intimacy was almost as strong as that of brotherhood, related to me the following anecdote of Jackson.

The story was corroborated by Lieutenant George G. Junkin, now living at Christiansburg, Va., and at that time an aid to Jackson and one of the actors in the amusing little drama:

In December, 1861, while on the march back from Dam No. 5 on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal to Winchester, and while riding at some distance in advance of his staff in company with the aforementioned old friend, Jackson espied in a field alongside the road a persimmon tree heavily laden with, at that season of the year, its delicious fruit.

Turning to the rear of the episode Jackson, suddenly changing the topic under discussion, and with unwonted warmth of manner asked: "Colonel, are you fond of persimmons?"

"Well, general, I can't say I am particularly partial to them. I occasionally eat a few when they are handy," replied the colonel.

"Well, colonel," rejoined Jackson, with increasing warmth, "I am passionately fond of them, and feel a great desire for some of those remarkably fine ones on that tree over there."

By this time the staff were approaching and the colonel suggested to the general, who was in the act of dismounting, that he send some of the young men for a supply of the fruit, but Jackson persisted in going himself, saying he felt they would be enjoyed the more did he pluck them with his own hands, and hastily dismounting he crossed the fence, refusing the kindly offer of help from young Junkin, who had procured a rail from the fence to put against the tree to assist in climbing.

Striding over to the tree, he removed his sword-belt and, with his long-legged cavalry boots on, clambered 'bravously up its limber trunk, while the staff stood off quietly snickering at seeing their usually saturnine commander hugging and climbing the tree like a schoolboy. But he soon grasped the lower limbs and was encased in a position where he ate to satiety. When the attempt was made to return to terra firma, however, his legs, hampered by the riding boots and spurs, became entangled, and young Junkin had to come to the rescue with his rail to aid the general in his descent. By this time the snickering of the quiet and demure old colonel and his young comrades had grown to the proportions of a loud guffaw, and the general himself joined heartily in the laughter as he comprehended the ludicrous predicament in which he had placed himself.

Animated Frozen Fish. The American Angler vouches for the following fish story: A fish dealer in Sainesville, Ohio, received a box of frozen fish from Cleveland, during one of the recent blizzards. They were so hard and brittle that they had to be handled with great care to keep them from breaking to pieces. He sold one to an old lady who took it home and put it in a bucket of cold water to thaw out gradually. During the night she heard something splashing around in the kitchen. Supposing it was the cat trying to get the fish, she jumped out of bed, seized the broom and rushed to the scene. She found the fish flopping in the pan. As near as could be learned this fish had lain out in the cold two nights before being packed, and had been in the water for more than two weeks.

HILDA'S STORY.

I have a friend who lives in Dakota, and raises in that remarkable territory some of the finest wheat that is raised in the world. Part of the winter of 1882 he spent in the East, and often came to my rooms, where we enjoyed many a pleasant hour together. During these interviews I learned many interesting facts connected with the everyday experiences of settlers in the West.

One incident in his frontier life amused me very much, and I will repeat it, as nearly as possible in his own words, for the benefit of the Companion readers.

"My next neighbors," he said, "are a young Norwegian and his wife. The man, whose name is Pete Neilson, is about thirty years old; tall, broad-shouldered and good-natured. His wife, Hilda, is several years younger, a bright, smiling woman, and full of life.

"Sometimes, after work for the day was done, I used to walk over to Neilson's and sit on the bench outside the house, and chat with him for half an hour. The house itself is a small affair, of the class known in that part of the country as 'shanties.' It is tight-boarded and banked up about the sides, and is probably warm and cosy even in our bitterest winters. Pete had set out a few trees in front of the shanty—elms and cottonwood—and had built a little arbor over the door, under which the bench was placed. There were a few flowers in boxes near by, and an old yellow cat was almost always stretched out at full length in the doorway. It is a pleasant, home-like little place.

"A few rods from the house was a 'straw-barn,' with a heavy log frame, that Pete had built. It was completely buried in a mountain of straw. One evening, after I had become quiet at home with my neighbors, I ventured to say,

"Well, Pete, I suppose you became acquainted with your wife in Norway? Perhaps you have known each other since you were children?"

"Pete was smoking his long pipe. He did not reply, but laughed quietly. I glanced at his wife and saw that she was smiling, and had a roguish light in her eyes as she looked at her husband.

"This excited my curiosity, and I said to her, 'How is it, Mrs. Neilson? Have you known Pete since he was a little boy?'"

"Oh no," "Then you came over on the steamer together from Norway?"

"Oh no," and she laughed outright.

"Did you meet him on his way out West?"

"No, no, no," "You must have found him here, waiting for you, then," I continued laughing.

"No, he not here when I come," she said, as she walked over to where Pete was sitting and sat down on the ground at his feet. "Shall I tell, Pete?" she asked, looking archly into his face.

"Pete kept on smoking, but nodded good-humoredly.

"His wife laid her hand on his knee and for a moment was thoughtful and quiet. Perhaps she was getting together her somewhat scanty collection of English words.

"Well," she said at last again, looking into Pete's face and smiling, "I come to here with my farder and my mutter and my sisters. My farder take quarter section, and then he say,

"'Hilda, you take quarter section, too. You more old than twenty-one.'"

"Rather a frank confession, I thought; but she evidently had no sensitiveness about her age, and went on:

"'So I takes this quarter. But I not come and really live here. Only I put up little house, and sometime come here with my farder for one day, or for two day.'"

"So by-an'-bye Pete he come here, too. And no more good land left; and he know how nobody live here, so he build house here, too, and live here all times and plow and dig well."

"So my farder he come here and he say to Pete, 'Go away, you bad man! You no see first house what built before you come?'"

"And Pete say he no care for house. 'You must live on quarter when you want get it. Nobody live in those house. I live here all time. Quarter section mine,' he say."

"So they shake heads and talk loud and shake fists. But Pete he stay."

"He never see me. He think my farder want this land himself. So then my farder and I come and stay in first house all time."

"Then Pete he come to there, and he say, 'Go away! go away! Do not live on my land. It is not your land.' He say many such things."

"'No,' my farder say to him one day, 'it is not my land.'"

"Then Pete look surprise and say, 'If not your land, then go away.'"

"But my farder shake head, and say very loud, 'Not my land, but my daughter land.'"

"Then Pete he look at me, sit in dark corner, and he more 'stonish. But he go away that time, and plow some more, and build straw barn and buy cow. And some time I hope he go away and leave land for me, and some time—here she looked up again and smiled at Pete. 'Some time I hope he come back to see us some more, and not go away. And I sit at window and watch Pete build house and barn, and plow, and I say:

A HUMBLE HERO.

The quaintest class of people in the West are the railroad men. Not the millionaire monopolists of Wall street, who manipulate stock boards and mortgages, but the hard-worked, poorly-paid and big-hearted men who drive our Western locomotives, feed the roaring fires and risk their necks, limbs and lives in clambering up and down, between, and over the rails. A short time since I found myself at a little railroad restaurant at Union, Ind. I was on my way to fill a lecture appointment in Southern Ohio. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and I had to wait about three hours for the east-bound train. While comfortably toasting my feet upon the grate stove, in which a fierce, soft-coal fire was burning, an engineer and his fireman entered the room, with black hands and smutty faces. They rested themselves on high stools at the lunch counter, and, calling for pie and coffee, began a characteristic conversation relative to their occupation in life. Their droll humor is impossible for me to perfectly describe. At last the old engineer, rubbing the end of his nose with the back of his hand, set his fingers grasped the half of a plump pumpkin pie, and holding in his other hand a steaming cup of coffee, which he occasionally blew upon to cool it, with a peculiar Western drawl and deep tone of voice, related the following incident, which at that moment impressed me as being one of the grandest recitals I had ever listened to. I give his words as nearly as possible, only transposing and changing them sufficiently for verification. I had never heard of the occurrence before, in which the hero was a brakeman by the name of

DAVE DRIGGS.

Dave Driggs he was a railroad man, A common kind o' chap; He didn't go a cent on style, He wouldn't give a rapp Fur them as put on dudy cio's An' 'bifalutin' ar's, An' tho' 'emselves some higher up Than Him upon the stars.

He wore a yaller flannel shirt That made him look immense, With that ar' diomon' pin o' his That cost him fifty cents. Thar wuzn't much in railroadin' He tho't he didn't know, He wuz the brakeman o' a train Upon the B. & O.

But after all he had some stonks O' common sense in him, A little crean in his pan That wasn't too thin to skim. I've seen him tippy ee a top, I've seen him gomp' wild, I've seen him jump an' risk his life To save a kittle child!

One dark December night the train Got drifted in with snow, That threw the engine down a bank A hundred feet below; An' up on end an' all about, In every sort o' style, The busted freight cars got 'emselves Uncoupled in a pile.

The engineer an' fireman both Hed left the track to stay, An' underneath the smashed caboose The dead conductor lay. But Dave, he heard the crash in time, He jumped with all his might, An' in a snowbank, on his head, Ker chug! he chanced to light!

He hung to his old lantern tight, He got upon his feet; Thar in the dark he stood alone, The wreck was jist complete. The snow it beat again his face, A bit'n' blizzard blew, The wind jist howled an' screamed an' roared, An' chilled him thro' an' thro'.

It froze the cio's upon his back Ez stiff as any shud, I tell you 'twas the proper time Fur all the sand he had! Yis, Dave he had a level head, Ef he wasn't buck on dress, He bounded back along the track To save the night express.

He heard the rumble of the train Just ez it hove in sight Around the corner, a sudden gust O' wind blew out his light, An' thar he stood, the wreck behind, The comin' train before, A hurrin' on to sudden death A hundred lives or more.

There big an' bright before his eyes He saw the headlight gleam; He heard the rattlin' o' the wheels, The sissin' o' the steam. An' leapin' from the railroad track, Ez past the engine flew, Thro' the cab with all his might Dave Driggs his lantern threw.

It struck the starved engineer, It fell upon the floor, It rolled along into the light Before the fire-box door. He read the letters "B. & O." Upon the shattered glass, He stopped the train before he struck The pile he couldn't pass!

An' Dave, he went to work next day Jist ez he alwaz had; He didn't go a loafin' round, Nor git the big-head bad. The city papers put him in An' laid the praise on thick— But, sho! for all the fuss they made Dave didn't care a stick.